M Family Remapaper-Devoted to Bolitics, Alterature, Morality, Foreign and Bomestic Dews, Science and the Aris, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

NEW SERIES VOL. 1, NO. 41.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1849.

OLD SERIES VOL. 9, NO. 15.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN. HE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO LLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. communications of letters on business related insure attention, must be POST PAID. TO CLUBS

year,
year Cards of Five lines, per annum,
reasets and others, advertising by the
rear, with the privilege of inserting diflerest advertisements weekly.

Larger Advertisements, as per agreement.

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW SUNBURY, PA. ded to in the Counties of Nor humberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia

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ORTER & ENGLISH, tocens commission merchants and Dealers in Seeds,

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HENRY COULTER, ESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he constantly keeps on and a large assortment of childrens willow ling baskets, and every variety of basket work

Country Merchants and others who wish to purchase such articles, good and cheap, would do well to call on him, as they are all manufactured by him inthe best manner.

Philade phia, June 3, 1848.—1y

CARD & SEAL ENGRAVING.

WM. G. MASON. 48 Chesnut st. 3 doors above 2nd st., Philadelphia Engraver of BUSINESS & VISITING CARDS,

Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c., &c.—Always on hand a general assortment of Fine Fancy Goods, Gold pens of every quality. Dog Collars in great variety. Engravers tools and materials.

Agency for the Manufacturer of Glaziers Dia

Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually attended to. Philadelphia, April 1, 1848-y

MENER PIRST PREMIUM PIANO PORTES.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELE-BRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS. at this place. There Pianos have a plain, mas-sive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth of tone, and elegance of workmarship, are not surpassed by any in the United States These instruments are highly approved of by the most emihent Professors and Composers of

Mosic in this and other cities.

For qualities of tone, touch and keeping in tone upon Concert pitch, they cannot be sucpassed by either American or European Pianos. Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W. V. Wallace, Vieux Temps, and his sister, the cele-brated Pisnist, and many others of the most dis-

tinquished performers, have given these instru-ments preference over all others.

They have also received the first notice of the three last Exhibitions, and the last Silver Medal by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded

by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded to them, which, with other premiums from the same source. may be seen at the Ware-room No. 52 south Fourth st.

13 Another Silver Medal was awarded to C. Meyer, by the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1845 for the best Piano in the exhibition.

Again—at the exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1846, the first premium and medal was awarded to C. Meyer for his Pianos, although it had been awarded at the exhibition of the year before, on the ground that he had made still greater improvements in his Instruments within the

er improvements in his Instruments within the

past 12 months.

Again—at the last exhibition of the Franklin
Institute, 1847, another Premium was awarded
to C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition

At Boston, at their last exhibition, Sept. 1847,
C. Meyer received the first silver Medal and Di-C. Meyer received the first silver Medal and Diploma, for the best square Piano in the exhibition.
These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something
lower. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the residence of the subscriber.

H. B. MASSER.
Sunbury, April 8, 1848.—

THE CHEAP Brush, Comb and Variety STORE. BOCKIUS AND BROTHER,

AND DEALERS IN COMBS & VARIETIES No 96 North Third, below Rose St. and North East conner of Third and Market street,

WHERE they offer for an's a general assortment of all kinds of Brushes, Combs and
varieties which they are determined to sell
Lower than can be purchased a sewhere.

Country Merchants and others Purchasing in
the above line will find it to their advantage to
call before purchasing elsewhere as the quality
and prices will be fully guaranteed against all empetition.
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848-17.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS PATRONS OF THE "AMERICAN"

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Kind Patrons, I wish you a happy New Year, And many returns of the same, do you hear I have no time to spare ; I'm off in a crack, And only can tell you that sadly I lack

That are always affoat at this time of the year And thought if I'd only drop in upon you, That, of course, you would give to the Devil

his due : A DOLLAR, & QUARTER, & FIP OF & DIME, As a slight recompense for this rare bit of

That I worked off to-day for your special Which, while I trudge on, you can read at

My grandmama says, and I don't know the cause. That things are not now as they once used

to was, When the sir loin, at Christmas, aye smoked on the board,

And the pantry with plum cake and doughnuts was stored.

could boast Was shared with the poor folks who had not

a roast : And while this fair season of feast held the sway,

themselves.

We're hurried along like the ghost of a dream ; With a dash and a splash we are off and away, And see more of life in the half of a day, Than the good felk of old could manage t hear,

For five or six year our old patriot sires Toiled away with a spirit that never tires, To make themselves free, and upset an old

king, very same thing

In less than three days, and the very same Is setting the whole of the old world in flame.

Coaches, Chairs, Cradies, market and travel- And has given that savage king Winter blast;

> Came along on a fling, At once cast him down from his icicle thron

> If so, (the Lord help you,) you've there seen

Of sources of riches immensely prolific, Away on the shores of the distant Pacific: Of gold dust that's scattered wherever you go As thick o'er the ground as you now see the

Bearing disease on its pestilent wings;

A miasma as fatal as any that kills.

And the fever's assumed a type most alarming Every ship, brig or schooner that daily is

Till the doctors at last have acknowledged the corn.

Since I called with our last year's address a your door

An end has been put to the Mexican war. "We have conquered a piece," at a pretty round price,

The valleys and hills with riches abound And gold is so plenty that it cumbers the ground,

the state : But, since the gold dust has so well stood the

hear,

The dying year has just assumed A mantle of pure, spotless sheen, Ere, in the gloomy past entombed

The robes of holy purity, When life's sure goal is almost won And yawns death's deep obscurity.

Too happy they, if then they rise, In the same garb, with dying breath They chose to fit them for the skies; As now the New Year brightly breaks In the same snowy vestments deep

JANUARY 1, 1849.

The means to enjoy the fine fun and good

your leisure.

When the best that the house and the cellar

Each tried how much good he could do in

Just think of it too, the kind hearted old elves Cared that others should have as much fun as But ours is the age of lightning and steam,

If all stories are true, in the space of a year.

While the French have accomplished the

The contagion has spread to the seasons at

For a few days ago, the sweet gentle Spring

And set up a government mild as her own. Perhaps you have read the last President's Message.

the presage, snow.

From our swamps a miasma is said to arise Which poisons the people wherever it flies; Thus up from these vast fields of gold dust

there springs, To the winds that sweep o'er California's hills It has spread through the States and is very

prevailing,

With crowds of its most fatal cases is swarming. And the patients are now in so sad a condition As completely defies the most skillful physi-

cian; It can only be cured by a sail round the Horn.

But never mind that-its a very fine slice,

But poor devils, like us, have no right to de-

On the measures of those who have charge of

best. And farewell my friends, I will now let you

In conclusion A THOUGHT FOR THE DYING OLD YEAR.

It sinks among things that have been; As aged men too oft put on

And when is o'er the night of death

Pure as the new-born infant wakes F rom its first sweet and blissful sleep. A BIRTHDAY STORY.

ROSY DEAR, OLD ZEKE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

One of the loveliest of the thousand lovely spots that adorn the valley of the Connecticut was the haunt of my child-hood. It might have been a haunt of fairies and wood-nymphs; for they could not bave found a sweeter or more secluded gamboling ground; and I did sometimes think I heard strange whisperings in the air, and fairy like music floating around me; and I sometimes imagined I saw tiny footprints upon the velvet moss. True, the sober thought of years rather discards the idea, but we love to foster childhood's impressions; so I will cherish this, with every flower and leaf and ripple of the singing brook, and light and shadow which are daguerreotyped upon my heart. I would love to take you there to-night, dear reader, and by the light of this first autumn moon, talk of the days of "lang syne." Come, sit with me upon this mossy bank, and see the soft moonlight flirting with those dancing

Perhaps some of you, who have never seen Miss Cynthia out of the city, have always thought her a staid and sober damsel; but I assure you that in the country she frolicks about in a most unmatronlylike manner. See her, now dancing down that brook, and now playing bo peep with us through those thick branches, and whisp-ering soft words to every green leaf that turns its face towards her, and casting loving glances on these sweet flowers at our

And now follow with me this little brook; we will pluck some of those vio-lets that fringe fit edge for a momento: now step across the brooks and there, in that little wood beyond, is my Eden,-but I cannot take you there, dear reader. There I always go alone. A word—the slightest whisper—there, would break the perfect harmony that breathes around. I would hear no voice but nature's there. The gentle sighing amoug the leaves, the occasional chirp of an insect, or twitter of a bird, or a falling leef, speak in more eloquent tones than ever breathed through earthly lips .-And then the sometimes perfect mysterious silence which not even a trembling leaf disturbs—it lulls my spirit, subdues every worldly passion, and with folded hands I sit listening to the still small voice communing

with my soul. Do you see, through the opening be-yond the wood, that little white cottage? That was the home of my little heroine.

a cripple, and unable to do little else than ride to the village and leave at the doors of his customers the products of his little farm, which was his only means of support .-These were few, but he always found ready market for them; for every one said that old Zeke's vegetables were the best, and his eggs the freshest that were brought to town, and that the berries that pretty Rose Melwood sold, were the sweetest that were ever tasted? indeed, every thing which Rose Melwood had, or said, or did

was the best in the world. Rose lost her mother in very early childhood? and between herself and her father there existed the greatest fondness. Shi did not love to hear him called "Old Zeke," for it seemed to her to give an impression of unworthiness; but it was not so, for every one respected the old man. I do not know how he came to receive that cognomen, but I think it was because his in firmities made him seem much older than he really was, and it was something of a feeling of pity that prompted it. But Rose did not love to hear it; and always, when speaking of her parent, she would call him her "dear, dear father;" always was she saving some kind word, or performing some kind action,—any thing to make her dear father happy. And she was his idol; "Rosy, dear," he always called her, and every one else came to call her, except when some naughty child at school, who had his falsehood exposed by her undevia-ting truth, would call her "Old Zeke's But Rose was the name that all loved to call her by. She was the pet of the village: every one was glad when she came, for she always brought a happy face and heart along with her; aunt Mary used to say she brought a whole shower of

happiness, to sprinkle over every body. But Rose Melwood had her day of sorrow; and that was when Julia Weston refused to invite her to her birthday party.

This party had been the grand subject of

talk, among all the school girls, during "recess" and "whispering-time," for half a year. All expected to attend; all knew what they would wear; and all hoped most earnestly that it would be a pleasant

Rose Melwood knew in her little heart what she intended to do that way; but she had told no one, for it would be such a sweet surprise, she thought, to bring a wreath of flowers in April. Every day, after the snow was off the ground, she would look by the brook and in the wood for the first flowers, to see how they came on .-She knew just where the trailing Arbutus hid itself, and where the first violets would spring up, and she felt quite sure they would be in bloom before Julia's birthday.

The morning previous to Julia Weston's birthday, I had invited Rose and two or and just as we entered a path which led through the wood, Rosy darted away, exclaiming, "I am going to bide from you can to Rosy. Beg her pardon, and ask her mouth so already small, and needs enlarging, she must say Cobbage. Ladies, when having young friends wandered off, one by one, in search of flowers and winter-green, and I had just entered the path which led to my loved retreat, when I saw through the trees

was unconscious of my approach, and I never saw a sweeter subject for a painter than she was at that moment. She was of flowers, and a half-formed wreath lying beside her. Her bonnet had fallen back upon her shoulders, and her long fair hair was falling in rich clusters upon her neck: her small white hands were clasped, and her full blue eyes were turned towards heaven, with an expression of perfect purity, love and holiness. "O, Miss Emily!" she exclaimed, as soon as she observed me, "is not this beautiful? It seems just heaven to me."

"O, Rosy dear! where did you find your flowers?" exclaimed our companions, coming up at this moment; "we have been searching every where, and have not found one."

plied Rose, smiling: "see here-will not this be beautiful? she exclaimed, holding up a half woven wreath: "this is for Julia to wear on her birthday." "But you are not going to her party!"

exclaimed one. "Why, yes, of course I shall go," re-plied Rose, "I know Julia expects me to "But she told me yesterday she should

not invite you."
"Why not?" inquired Rose, sorrowfully. "Because," replied another, who seemed somewhat vexed that Rose had found so

many flowers, "because she says she don't want old Zeke's daughter at her party." Never shall I forget the expression which passed over Rose's countenance at these words: its was not of anger, but of mingled sorrow and resentment, which one experi-ences when they feel that they have been undeservedly slighted by those they love. She spoke not a word, but her eyes filled with tears, and after a moment's silence, your she said, "Well, I will send her the flowers it?"

-she will like them, I am sure." The truth was, Julia had heard, and talked, and thought so much of her party, that she had begun to imagine herself a had done before, and to think that she must be somewhat select in her invitations; so Rose, which very much enhanced her own seen that face before, but she could not tell importance, she thought; so, without consulting her parents, she decided that Rose

Melwood should not come to her party. But Julia little thought that by refusing admittance to Rose she was depriving her- never known each other before?" was always called, was one to whose poverty misfortune had been added. He was ed happy, and each whispered to the other, "I wish Rosy dear was here," and when Frank Weston and two or three of his school felows came in to share in the sports,

nothing seemed to go right. "Why, where is Rosy dear?" exclaimd Frank in surprise, after looking around

"Julia wouldn't have her here," exclaimd half a dozen voices. "I should like to know, Miss Julia Weston, why you wouldn't have her here ?" inquired Frank with spirit.

"Because I didn't want her here," replied Julia, a little tartly. "Because she is old Zeke's daughter," relied several voices. "Well, I wish, Julia, you were half as good as old Zeke's daughter," exclaimed Frank. "I declare this is outrageous. She

shall come, or else I don't stay here." "Nor I, nor I," exclaimed the other emryo gentlemen.

At this moment Mrs. Weston entered "Why, what does this mean?" she exclaimed, "I came to see how happy you for a small suspicion of debt; while the prowere, and really there is not one face in the room; what is the matter?" "Rosy dear is not here," exclaimed a

"Rosy not here? Why, what is the reason ?" inquired Mrs. Weston, in sur-

"Why, Julia has acted like a dunce .-She has not invited her," replied Frank. "Not invited Rosy? Why, Julia, what does this mean? I thought surely you had invited her." Julia had by this time begun to repent

seriously of her conduct. The party which she had looked forward to with so much happiness, had been, so far, naught but wretchedness, and all in consequence of her foolish pride. So she acknowledged to her mother the reason, and expressed her

sorrow. At this moment a light tap was heard at the door, and a little girl who lived neighbor to Rose entered with a beautiful wreath in her hand, and presenting it to Julia, said, Rosy dear sent it to you."

The scent of the flowers filled the room. and all gazed eagerly at such a quantity of flowers at that season. "Oh! where did Rosy dear find them! could not find one," all exclaimed. "She always knew where the first flow-

ers grew," exclaimed one of the boys,
"She always knew ten times more than

any other girl about everything," was the rather ungallant reply of Frank Weston. Julia stood holding the wreath, looking porrowful and ashamed. "My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Weston,

that it was already tenanted, and on coming Frank will entertain your company while A SOUTH AMERICAN TRAGEDY IN REAL | ver to be again separated. She urged him nearer, discovered Rose Melwood. She your are cone, and I hope you will yet be your are gone, and I hope you will yet be happy.

The two girls were soon seen returning,

and as they entered the door, all exclaimed, sitting upon the ground, with her lap full "I am so glad you have come, Rosy dear; now we will be happy." "But first," said Mrs. Weston, "let us was of dispose of this beautiful wreath. It should adds:

not lie withering here. Julia, it was sent to you, but I presume you do not feel that you deserve to wear it, so you may place it upon the head of the one you think most deserving of it."

Julia took the wreath, and with a smile and a kiss, placed it upon Rosy's head, amid the shouts of the children. "Oh, I had much rather you would wear it, dear Julia," exclaimed Rose. "I am

sure I never intended it for myself." "The good we do to others," said Mrs. Weston, "often returns upon our own heads, "Oh! I know their hiding-places," re- and I hope the lesson, Julia, you learn will

be of far more value than the wreath."

Soon after this event old Zeke and Rosy left our village, and went to live with a rich relative at the South, who adopted Rose as her own daughter.

Years passed away. Frank Weston, who nad established himself in a distant city, wrote for Julia to come and spend the winter with him. Julia joyfully accepted the invitation. As soon as she had arrived and thirty. had been welcomed by her brother, he said, "I have an invitation for you, Julia,

to act as bridesmaid this very evening." "Pray, for whom? inquired Julia. "To a certain lady who is to be my

wife," replied Frank, laughing.
"Ah! you rogue! Why did you not tell me of this before?" "I knew that you liked pleasant surprises," replied Frank.

"But I cannot tell whether it will be a

your bride. Come, tell me quick, who is "No, not until we are married, so now

prepare yourself, and hasten to the wed-When Frank Weston led in his bride, much more important personage than she Julia thought she had never seen acreature so perfectly lovely. But brides are always beautiful, and perhaps she was not more so after some consideration, she decided that than many others; but Julia thought so, and it would sound very unaristocratic to have I think Frank thought so too. But it was it said that old Zeke's daughter was at her not her beauty alone that rivetted Julia's party. Besides, she was a year older than gaze; it was an impression that she had

when nor where. When the ceremony was over, and Frank presented Julia to his bride, "Do tell me, my sister," exclaimed Julia, "have we

A sudden remembrance, such as, in some hour of your life, reader, has flashed over your mind when you have seen a face or an object that called to recollection bygone

days, came over Julia's thought. She gazed earnestly at the fair girl for a minute, then clasping her hand, and turning to Frank, she exclaimed, joyfully, "Rosy dear! yes—yes—it is indeed her—it is our Rosy

[From the Natchez Free Trader.]

LIFE IN MISSISSIPPI. Married, on Saturday, the 11th ult., in the court house, by the Rev. Jo. Bell, Mr. William Peevy, to Miss Caroline

Hadspeth, all of this county. The minister has just been elected brigadier-general of this brigade, and, when called upon to officiate at the marriage ceremony, was busily engaged in calculating his majority, which was large, having no opponent. In another corner of the house was a group of men calculating the loss of Cass and gain of Taylor; and in the door of the house stood the deputy sheriff, selling a poor fellow's corn bate clerk, at his table, was busily engaged in calling off the land assessment book; and in another corner of the house stood a group of boys swapping marbles. The minister commenced the ceremony, while the Taylor man called out 104 gain for Taylor there, and the Cass man said "d-n the luck." The sheriff shouted how much for the cornwho'll give more for the corn;" the clerk called out the "N. E. quarter of the west half of section 12, township 13, range 12 township 13, range 12 east;" and Bill in the corner cried out, "I wont give you two blacks for a white allee." But under all the disadvantageous circumstances, the reverend gentleman, with his maiden laurels fresh upon his brow, retained his gravity and performed the ceremony; and as he finished the benediction, he remarked to the happy couple that "Edmonds only received one vote in this

ADJUSTING THE MOUTH .- The London Gasette contains some important information for the ladies with regard to the manner of plaeing their lips when they desire to look amiable, dignified, &c.; it says that when a lady would compose her mouth to bland and serene character, she would just before entering the room say besom, and keep the expression in which the mouth subsides, until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing not suggestive of sweetness, she would say Brush, the result of which is in-

county."

A correspondent of the Tribune, writing ticulars of an affair which has already been mentioned, which is one of the tragedies of real life. The father of the lady alluded to was of Irish descent, and the correspondent

"Mr. O'G.'s ancestors came at an early period to the New World, and he is now the last male descendant of his race, an accomplished gentleman, married to a superior woman of true Spanish blood-has a good property though not rich. The joy of his house was his daughter Camila, who, from her father inherited the clear complexion, dark blue eyes and blue-black hair, peculiar to the west of Ireland. From her mother the grace, form and gait of the Andalusian. Indeed, to use a sporting phrase, she was a perfect cross. formed the troop into a square round the mu-Her mental qualities were a happy combination of the wit and vivacity, natural to her father's countrymen, with the repose and selfpossession of her mother. Accomplished and better educated than most young woman, she naturally sought for companions who were most distinguished for intelligence. Scarcely eighteen, she had all the precocity of intellec which distinguish women of a southern clime and give them the aplomb of our women of

The curate of the place was Don Sancho Gurtinez, who could also boast of the best blood of the province in his veins. Educated at the College of the Jesuits, he was remarkable for his talents, intelligence and acquirements. These good judges of character were proud of him, and selected him as a suitable representative of their order, against his own inclination, but persuaded by a fond mother. who had become a rigid devotee, he unforpleasant one until I know who is to be tunately consented, and took the solemn clear olive complexion, with a piercing black eye. His whole soul was absorbed in his duty, and he was held up to the degenerate priesthood as a perfect model for his devotion, bearing and correct conduct.

Don Sancho was a constant visiter at the hospitable house of the father of Camila. by literature not only of her own country, but an untiring subject of of conversation and ar- the Civer Coatzacoalcos, and is familiar with Their studies became the same, and two

or three years glided on in uninterrupted hap- which is the best and most fea ible route, not piness. The beauty, wit and accomplish- only for the transmission of the Mail, but for ments of Camila had brought numbers of suitors for a husband. To all she gave a deaf ear. From some speculations, her father had met with losses, and the political troubles of the country made him anxious Camila should mirers who surrounded her.

Don Sancho and Camila then for the first tim knew they-loved. You may conceive the conflict between duty and passion in the lovers. They fled and escaped to a small town in a neighboring province, where, under assumed names,

they were married. The Church was outraged. The bereaved parents, in their phrenzy, solicited the Gov- deg. ernment to look for the fugitives. Six or seven months passed without their being diswhen, unfortunately, a curate for the town of He recognized his old college companionby a guard, they were not allowed to com- affords sufficient water for large vessel to enmunicate. Twenty days of journeying over ter. The writer of this article resided on the season, was sufficient to shake the stoutest; but she, though enciente, (in two months more she would have been a mother,) bore the hardships and privations uncomplaining -sustaining by her example her sinking lover who, perhaps, knew too well the probable fate which awaited them. Upon their arriv- the Continent from Contracoalcos to Tehoanal, the Church claimed him as her own, and tepec, in from 60 to 72 hours; and at a triffing were ready to mete him the punishment allotted by the canons for the blacksliding of bring those two points within 36 hours of each her Priest. But no! The Government had other. A line of small steamers, such as are taken the matter into its hands-and, without trial, both were condemned to the death of felons, by superior order. You cannot un- Merchandise would, with the actual condiderstand this phrase, living in our happy tion of the roads, require some six or eight country of Law and Order. Here the voice days for its transportation. I will now sum and will of a single individual is supreme .-Where the people intrust the power into the the mail from New Orleans to San Francisco hands of one, they unfortunately must bear the in California, under existing circumstances. consequences. You already know the history provided a partial arrangement was made of Rosas-and never has a country felt a more

iron rule. The execution took place at the military encampment a few miles from the city, on Friday last. The poor culprits had but one day's notice. The priests who were ordered to administer the last sacred rites of the Francisco in California, say 12 days ; making Church, were chosen from the highest digni- in all, 19 days. Practical men, by looking at

The unhappy couple were duly confesse and horrible as it may appear, the unborn child was baptised in the bosom of the mother. Gurtinez came out pale and shrinking -Carrila firm; at the first look he fainted; and addressing her recovering companion, seen they would meet in a better world, ne- within five hours of each other

to be firm and the struggle would soon be over.-She refused to have her eyes bandafrom Buenos Ayres, gives some further par, | ged, but with a modesty belonging to her sex requested her dress might be fastened round her ancles. She was clad particularly neat-Throwing her beautiful tresses over her face, she calmy seated herself beside her lover and their arms were bound to the post. A file of soldiers was advanced-the order given to fire-not a trigger was drawn, for in the hearts of those wild men there still was something human. They were withdrawn under arrest, and a guard of Pampa Indians, not so sensetive, advanced within five yards of the poor victims and fired. They both fell dead

without a groan. The Captain of the guard on whom devolved the service of the day, stung by remorse, or actuated by a more noble sentiment, tilated corpses, and addressing his comrades, said: "I have obeyed my orders, but my business is not to shoot women"-then drew

his pistol and blew out his own brains. I have given you a hasty sketch of this heart-rending tragedy-of the poor parents I have not heard-but in the town there is but one feeling, that of horror; the whole city is aghast at so terrible a punishment, and that two beings, with their loving offspring, though

still unborn, should suffer for having "Loved not wisely but too well," passed belief. But the details are so minute that I am most unwillingly obliged to admit

THE ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC.

The immense importance with which our cossessions on the Pacific Coast have been so suddenly invested, is exciting universal speculation in regard to the speediest mode of communication between the two oceans. The vows of priesthood. He was just 22 years of New York Tribune has taken strong ground age, of a commanding, graceful form, of a in favor of a canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, as possessing superior advantages over all other routes. The New Orleans papers also are urging the projected canal in preference to a railroad at Panama, but in the latter case, it is no doubt in a great measure done with a view to attract the immense commerce of the Pacific to New Orleans. whom he was not more warmly welcomed | Tehuantepec being about 1,000 miles nearer than by the lovely girl herself. In him she that city than Chagres. In the Tribune of had found a congenial soul; the poetry and vesterday we find the following additional facts in favor of the canal, communicated by that of France, Italy and Germany, gave them a gentleman who resided for sixteen years on

every part of the route: "It is now important to be ascertained ment stores to California The Panama route is now spoken of and is brought up before Congress for its action. By that route, the U. S. Mail can be carried to San Francisco make choice of a husband from the many ad- in about forty days at present, and passengers may reach our California and Oregon pessessions at an expense of about \$450. All the peculiar advantages of that toute have been already communicated to the public by those interested. I will now call the public attention to a much shorter and cheaper route ; the Isthmus of Tehuantepec . By looking at the map of Mexico, you will find the mouth of the Coatxacoalcos river, situated in N. lat. 18

"It is navigable for ocean steamers about 20 miles from its mouth; its general course covered; and the affair was being forgotten, is due South, and it is navigable for small steamers to within 50 miles of the Pacific Otheir refuge was sent from Buenos Ayres .- | ceas. The continent is just two degrees wide say 130 miles. On the Pacific Coast is the informed, and they were arrested, and in irons City of Tehuantepec, about three leagues dissent to this city. With a refined cruely they tant from the port of San Francisco, a lake or were placed in the same cart; but separated inlet of the Pacific Ocean, which, it is said, the wretched roads, exposed to the inclement | banks of the Coatzacoalcos sixteen years, and crossed the continent some fifty times; he therefore feels himself competent to give a practical opinion upon the subject.

> "If a partial arrangement was made with the Mexican Government, the United States mail could at present be transported across expense the road could be shortened so as to used on the Ohio river, would enable passengers to cross the continent in 48 hours or less. up the time that would be required to carry with Mexico-viz : From New Orleans Coatzacoalcos, 20 hours; thence to Tehuante pec or the Port of San Francisco, 72 hours making, in the aggregate, 6 days and 18 hou -say 7 days. From the Mexican Port Tehuantepee or San Francisco, to our S. the map, can decide, whether the time I have allotted for the ocean navigation is sufficient

"In regard to the transit across the Conti nent, I speak from positive knowledge. This subject cannot but interest the American pecple, and I beg you will lay the facts before she gave a cry so heart-rending that one of them. I will illustrate the positive I have the attending priests was carried off in a here assumed, by facts and proofs which swoon. She, however, soon roused herself cannot fail to convince our Government that the route of Tehuantepec is by far preferareminded him of their love, and though in ble, every point of view, to that of Chagres and the eyes of man it might be sinful, she had Panama. A Railroad can be built for \$10,faith in the goodness and justice of God, and |000,000, which would being the two Oceans